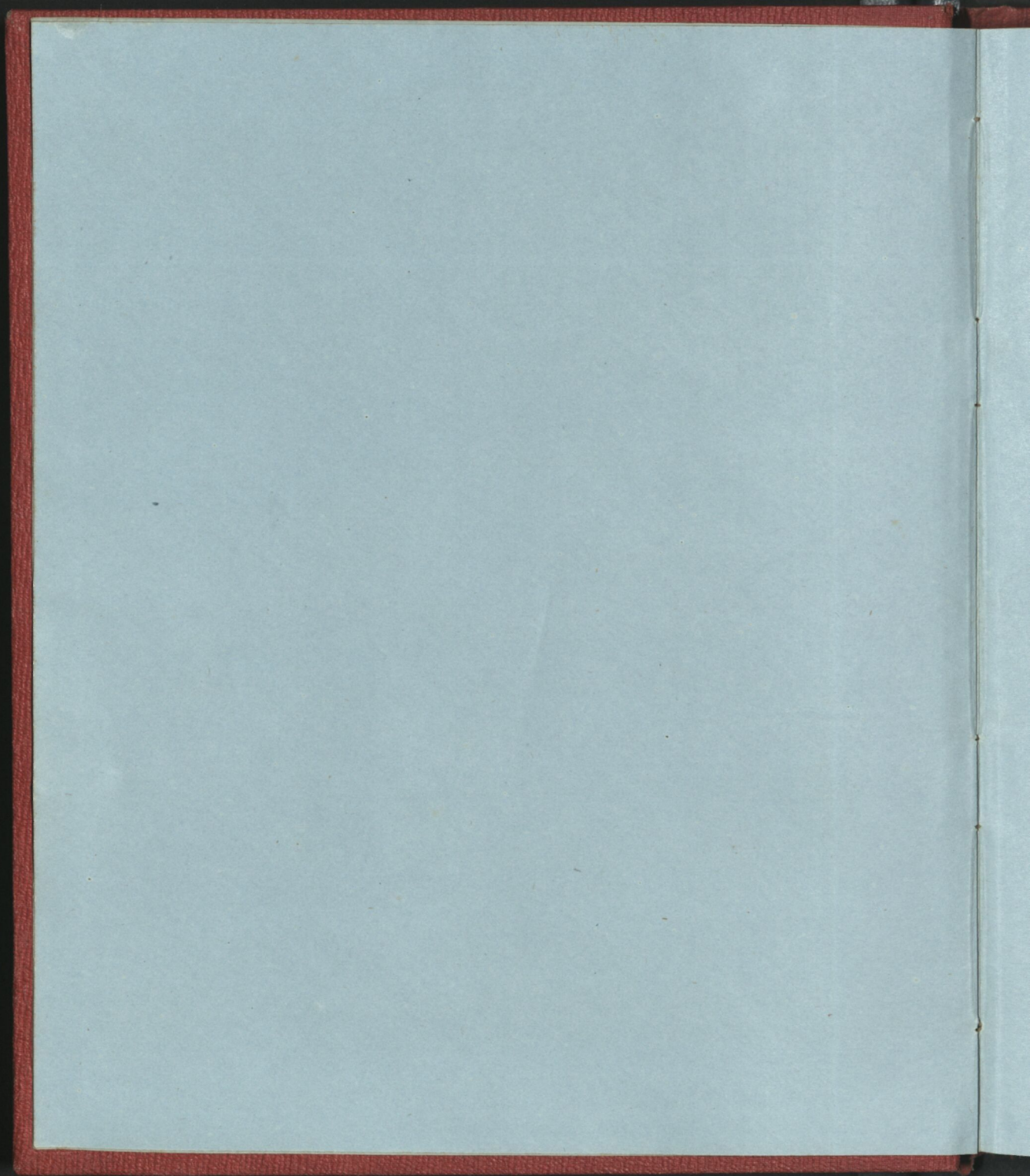
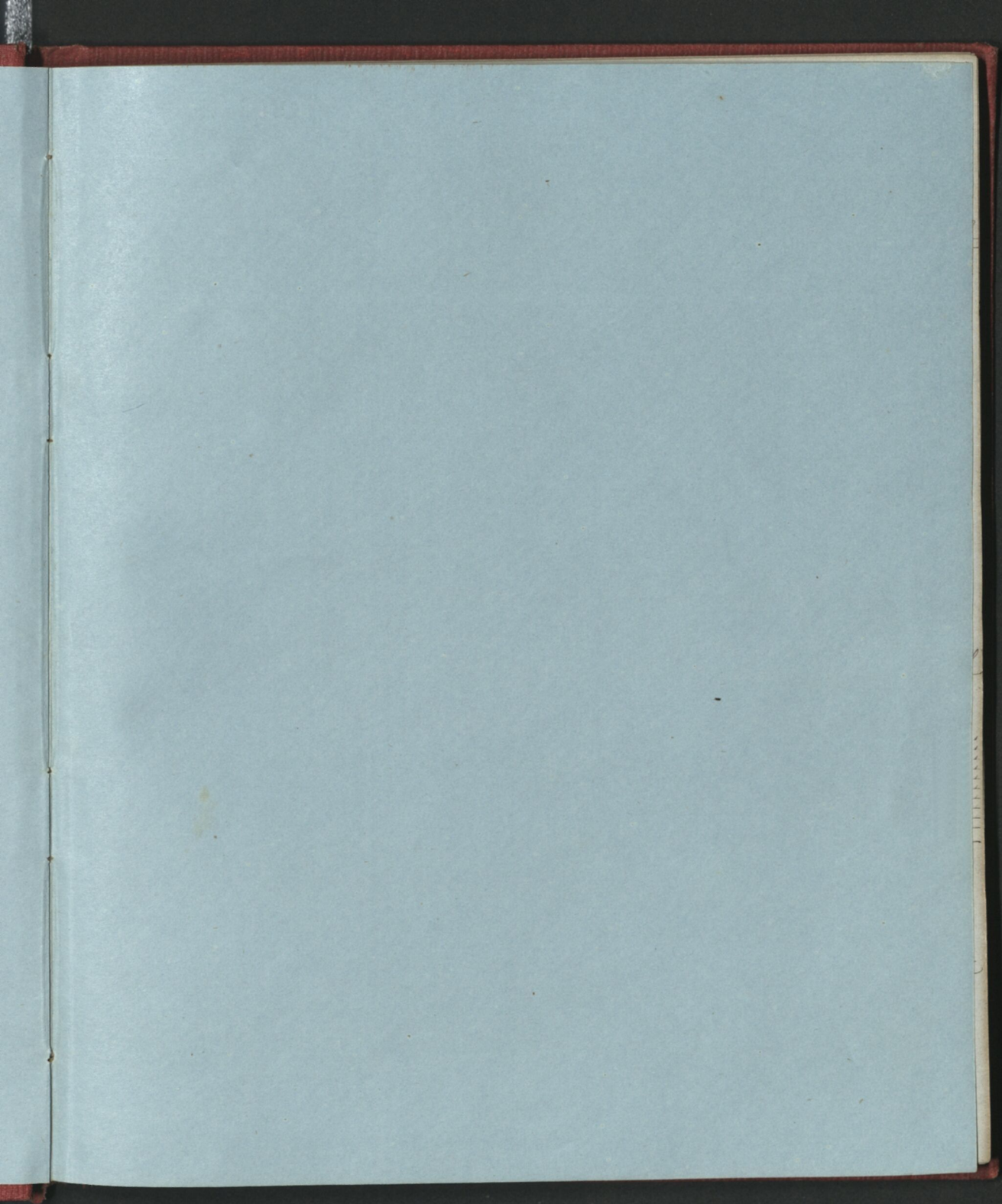


41
Elizabeth Crosby.

June 30th / 52.





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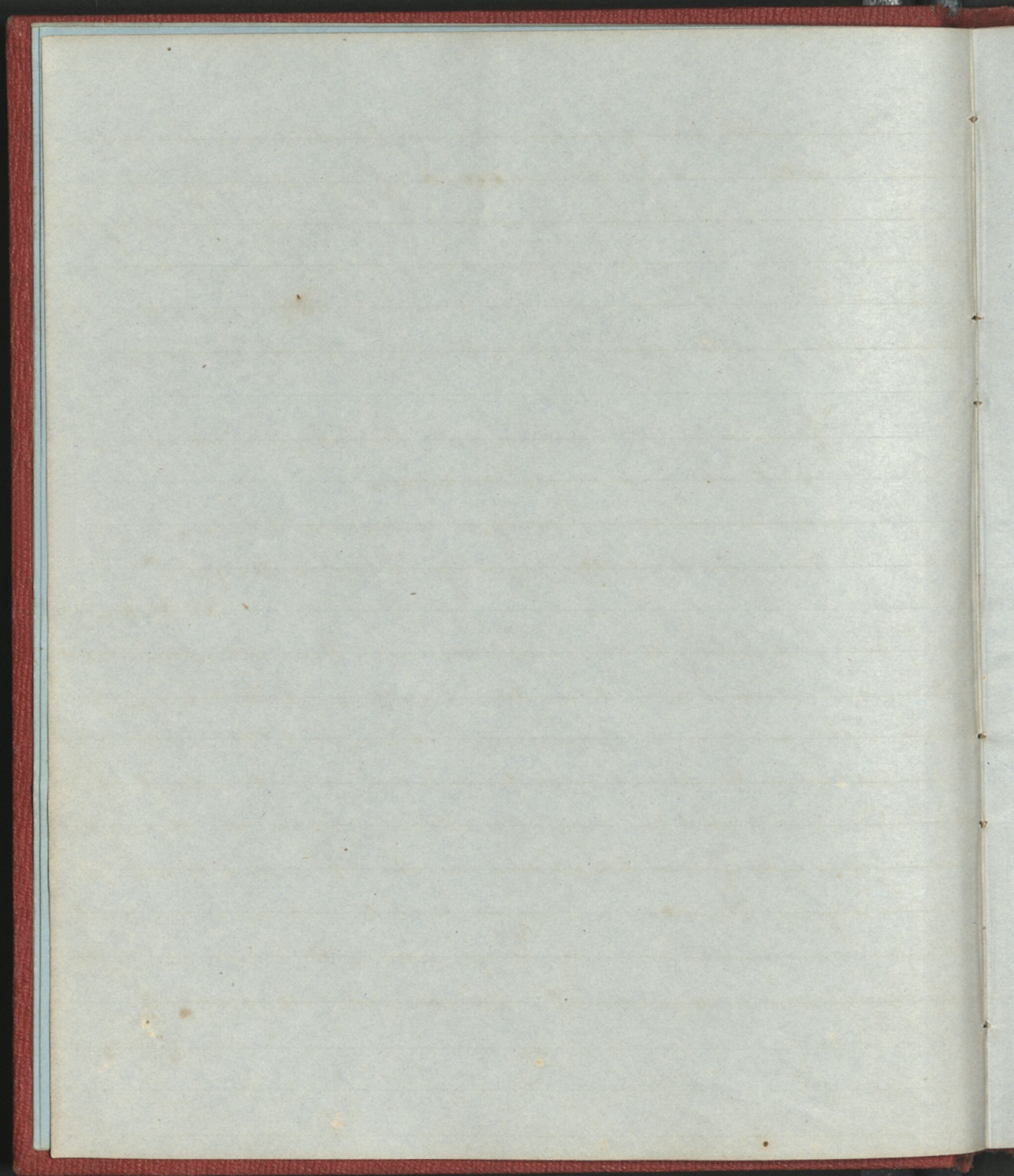
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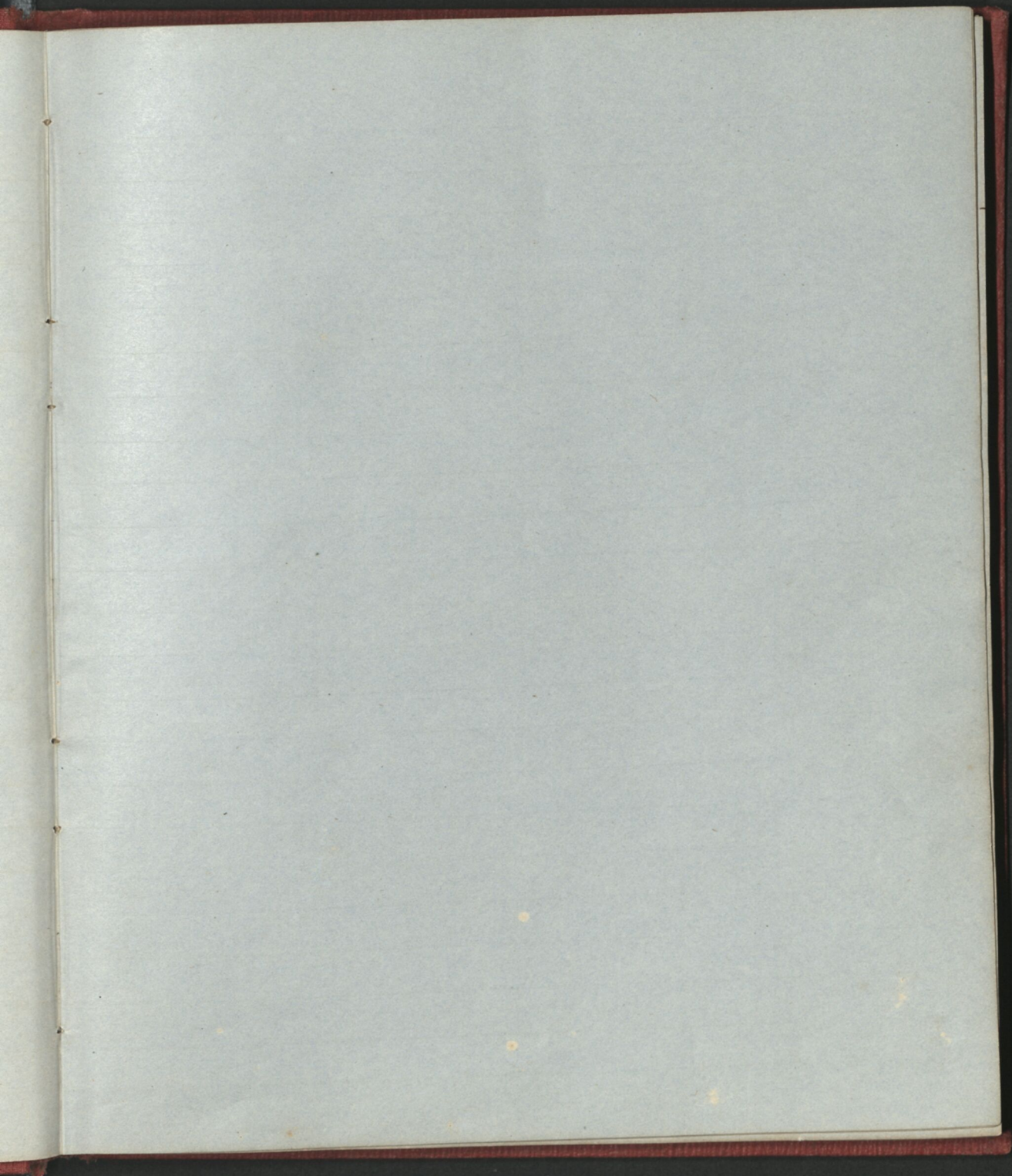
"Why should not females be instructed in their social rights, and in the means of preserving what is their own? and why should they be so deprived of the benefit of knowing that they can protect themselves against the barbarism of laws, which crept into the social system when they were slaves?" Wm Sullivan.

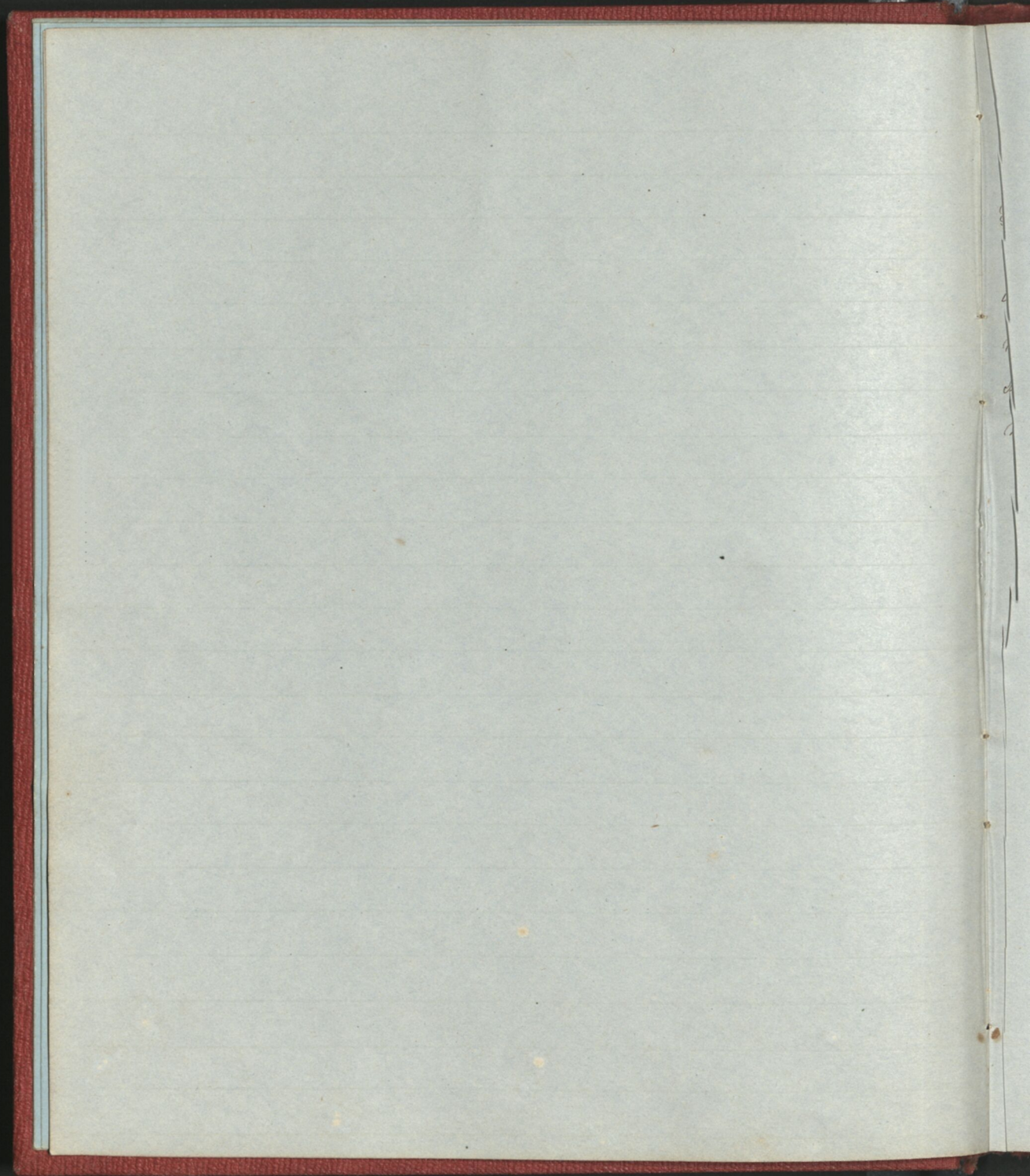
"Je ne suis pas de ceux que disent, le n'est rien,
C'est une femme qui se noie,
Je dis que c'est beaucoup, et ce sexe vaut bien,
Que nous le regrettons puisqu'il fait notre joie."

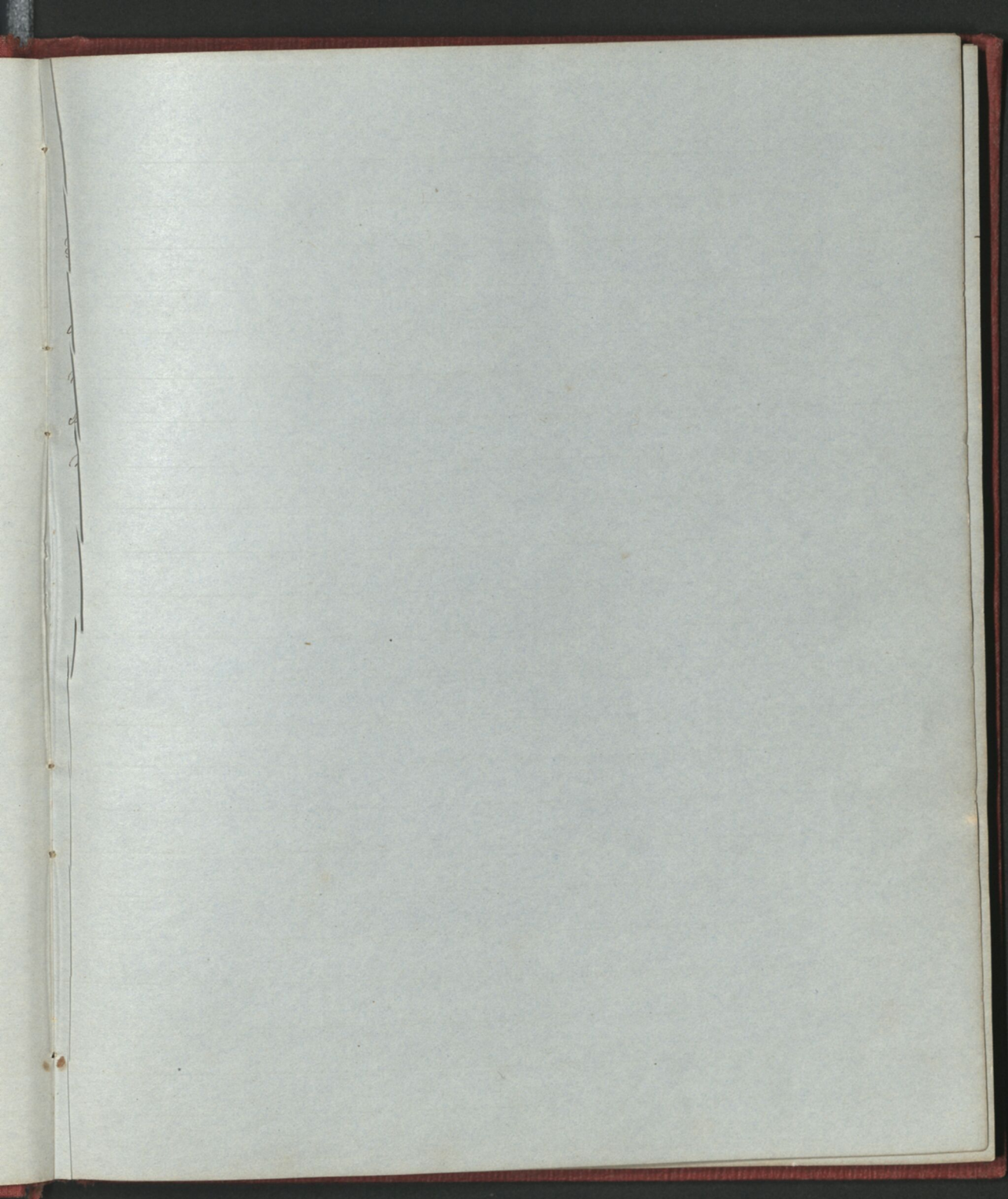
La Fontaine

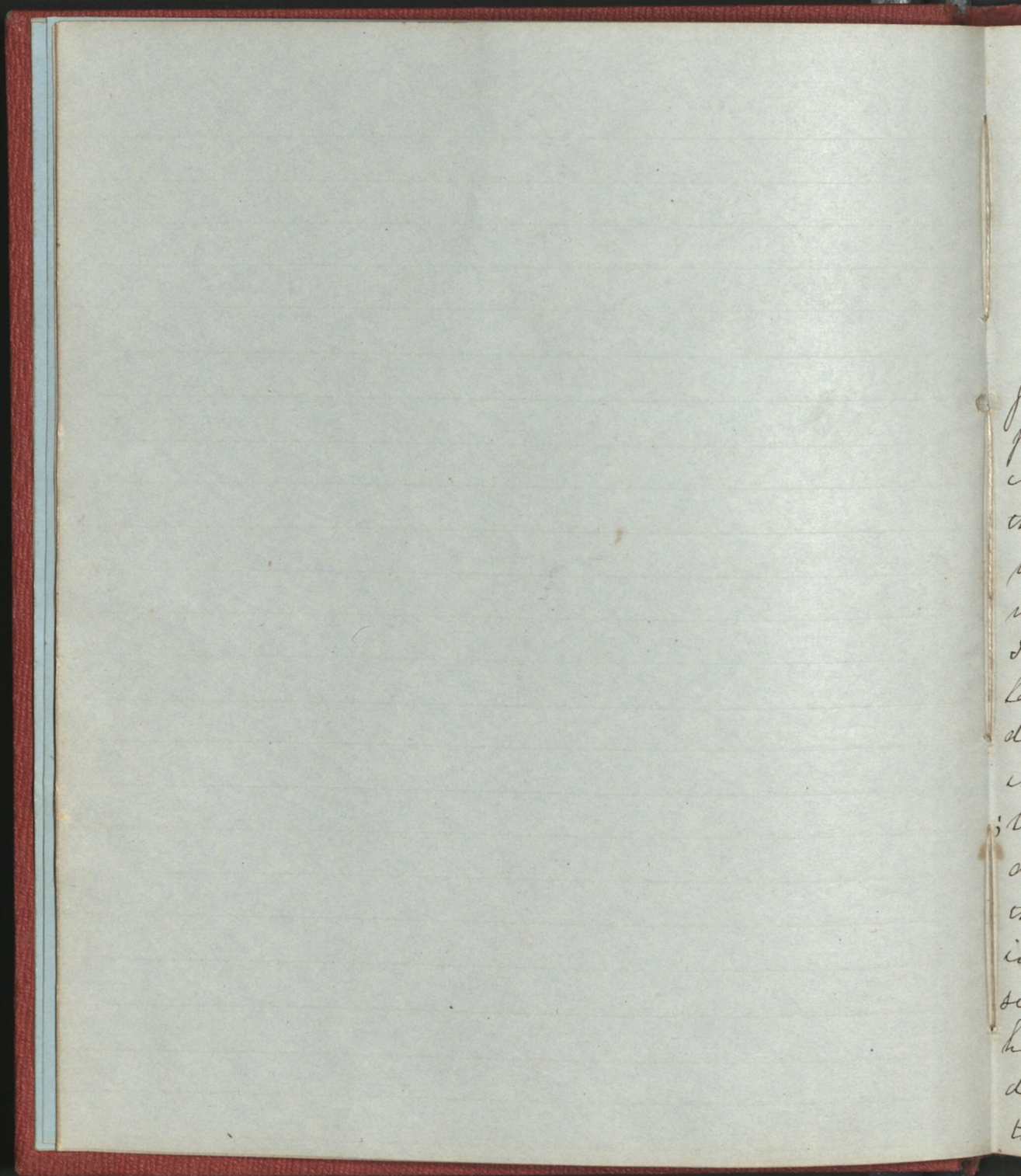
"It is bad policy, to depreciate women. I would sooner teach them to overvalue than to undervalue themselves; so long, at least, as they are our companions for life, and the mothers of our children. We all act according to our own standard of self-estimation; and the more sensitive we are, the more are we influenced in our behaviour by the opinions of others concerning us. Women are more sensitive than we, and therefore more at the mercy of opinion. It is women, after all, who form our characters." - Blackwood's Magazine.











"
Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound:
All at her work the village maiden sings;
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."

Cooper after writing several songs upon the subject of Slavery, was assailed with entreaties to write a poem on that theme. He was at that time occupied in translating Homer, and he says — "But beside that it would be in some sort treason against Homer to abandon him for any other matter, I felt myself so much hurt in my spirits the moment I entered on the contemplation of it, that I have at last determined absolutely to have nothing more to do with it. There are some scenes of horror on which any imagination can dwell, not without some complaisance; but then they are such scenes as God, not man, produces. In earthquakes, high winds, tempestuous seas, there is the grand as well as the terrible. But when man is active to disturb, there is such meanness in the design, and such cruelty in the execution, that I both hate and despise the whole operation, and feel it a degradation of poetry to employ her in the description of it. I hope also, that the generality of my

countrymen have more generosity in their nature
than to want the fiddle of verse to go before them,
in the performance of an act to which they are in-
vited by the loudest calls of humanity.

The great are falling from us.
By T Buchanan Read.

The great are falling from us — to the dust,
Our flag droops midway, full of many sighs;
A nation's glory, and a people's trust
Lie in the ample pall where Webster lies.

The great are falling from us — one by one,
As fall the patriarchs of the forest trees;
The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun
Gaze on each vacant space for centuries.

Lo, Carolina mourns her steadfast Pine,
Which, like a main-mast towered above her realm;
And Ashland hears no more the voice divine,
Shorn out the branches of her stately elm.

And Marshfield's giant oak, whose stormy brow
Left turned the ocean tempest from the West,
Lies on the shore he guarded long — and now,
Our startled Eagle knows not where to rest.

Any person, who has made observations on the state and progress of the human mind, by observing his own, cannot but have observed, that there are two distinct classes of what are called Thoughts; those that we produce in ourselves by reflection and the act of thinking, and those that bolt into the mind of their own accord.

As to the learning ^{that any} ~~a~~ person gains from school education, it serves only, like a small capital, to put him in the way of beginning learning for himself afterward. Every person of learning is finally his own teacher, the reason of which is, that principles, being of a distinct quality to circumstances, cannot be impressed upon the memory; their place of mental residence is the understanding, and they are never so lasting as when they begin by conception.

"Melancholy is but the shadow of too much happiness, thrown by our own spirits upon the sunshine side of life."

"The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

The highest reason teaches morality,
And that true magnanimous heroes,
Far from despising the human race,
Believe themselves superior to other men
only by the sacrifices that they make for
them. - Madame de Staël.

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Li
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Sung at the house of H. H. Crosby the follow-
ing song composed by Dr. Metcalf for the occa-
sion - it being a regular meeting of the Taverner
Club.

Air Believe me if all those endearing
young charms.

1.

Dear Brothers and Sisters how joyful the time,
When we meet with such concord together,
No grief and no trouble shall vex or annoy,
And discord our fond hearts shall sever.
Nor let us forget - Those dear friends who meet
With the Club in its spring tide of life -
Who now far away - In some City so gay,
Are playing the Maidsen and Wife.

2.

1845

So! not while the stars shine above in the
While the snow softly falls to the earth
Shall Sarah be blotted from memory's page
Nor Emily slighted in death.
Nor can we refrain - While we feel the sad pain
By our Ellen and Frank called to mind
May they both take good cheer - Banish sorrow and
And again to the Club feel inclined.

Over every grave, even though haunted
by guilt and shame, the human heart when
circumstantially made acquainted with its
silent records of suffering a temptation, yearns
in love or in forgiveness to breathe a solemn
Requiescat! De Quincy

Most truly, has it been said,
"Sweet is the infant's waking smile,
And sweet the old man's rest;
But middle age by no fond will,
No soothing care is blest."

Still in the world's hot, restless gleam,
She plies her weary task;
While vainly for some pleasant dream,
Her wandering glances ask."

— neither may we forget that the most prosaic mind has its history, the calmest heart its tale of sorrow. When the complexion becomes dim, and the brightness of the eyes faded; when the outlines of the features is sharpened, and silver streaks mingle with the dark hair, we say it is the work of time, and forget that each line which has marred the beauty of the outward form may be but the mark of the chisel by which God has fitted the soul for Heaven."

How to be Happy,
According to Epictetus, Seneca, and
Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

This is the mark of the philosopher, to
bring his will into harmony with what-
ever comes to pass. Freedom is not gained
by satisfying, but by controlling, our desires.
The only way to real peace is to give up all
that is not within our reach.

Rejoice in what you have, and like
whatever time brings. It is not poverty,
but covetousness, that causes sorrow!

It is not wealth, but philosophy, that sets
us free from care. A child tries to take a
great many nuts and figs out of a bottle;
and his ~~hand is~~ ^{hand is} caught at the
neck. He must drop some to get out the
rest. Thus must you drop some of your
desires. Make them few, and they will
be satisfied.

Everything has two handles, and can be carried by one of them, but not by the other.

Why should I care what happens when my soul is above it?

God has placed some things in our own hands, and especially that in which he himself is happy, — the right use of impressions and ideas.

Here are freedom, happiness, peace, and strength; and here also are justice, temperance, and every virtue.

These things we should strive for with all our might, but in all things submit to what the universe brings.

To the good man no evil can happen. His soul is mightier than all accidents. He may feel them, but it will conquer them, and rise above them calmly and peacefully.

"What we have to bear is not so important as how we bear it. In the upper air no clouds gather or storms beat; so in lofty souls is always peace.

The supreme good is a mind which despises chance and rejoices in virtues; or rather it is an unconquerable power of soul which is based upon wisdom, calm in action, and full of friendship and philanthropy. Let the mind be independent of everything else, and self-sufficient, seeking her joy within herself, and caring for no riches but her own.

To despise accidents, and rise above fear and greedy hope, having learned to seek your riches within; to cast out all fear, knowing that little is to be dreaded from man and nothing from God; to consecrate your life to virtue, so that every way along

which she calls is easy; to feel yourself a social being, made for the general good, and look at all the universe as the common home; to live openly and fear yourself more than any one else, this is to stand calmly and firmly above all tempests, possessing all that it is necessary and useful to know.

Shouldst thou subject all ~~things~~ to thyself? Subject thyself to ~~thy~~ darkness.

Happy is he who is sound in judgment and glad of what he has, and whom his reason reconciles with the state of his affairs.

Dedote yourself to study, and you will escape all the troubles of life; no weariness of the day will ever make you long for ~~the~~ night, nor will you

ever be either burdensome to your
self or useless to others.

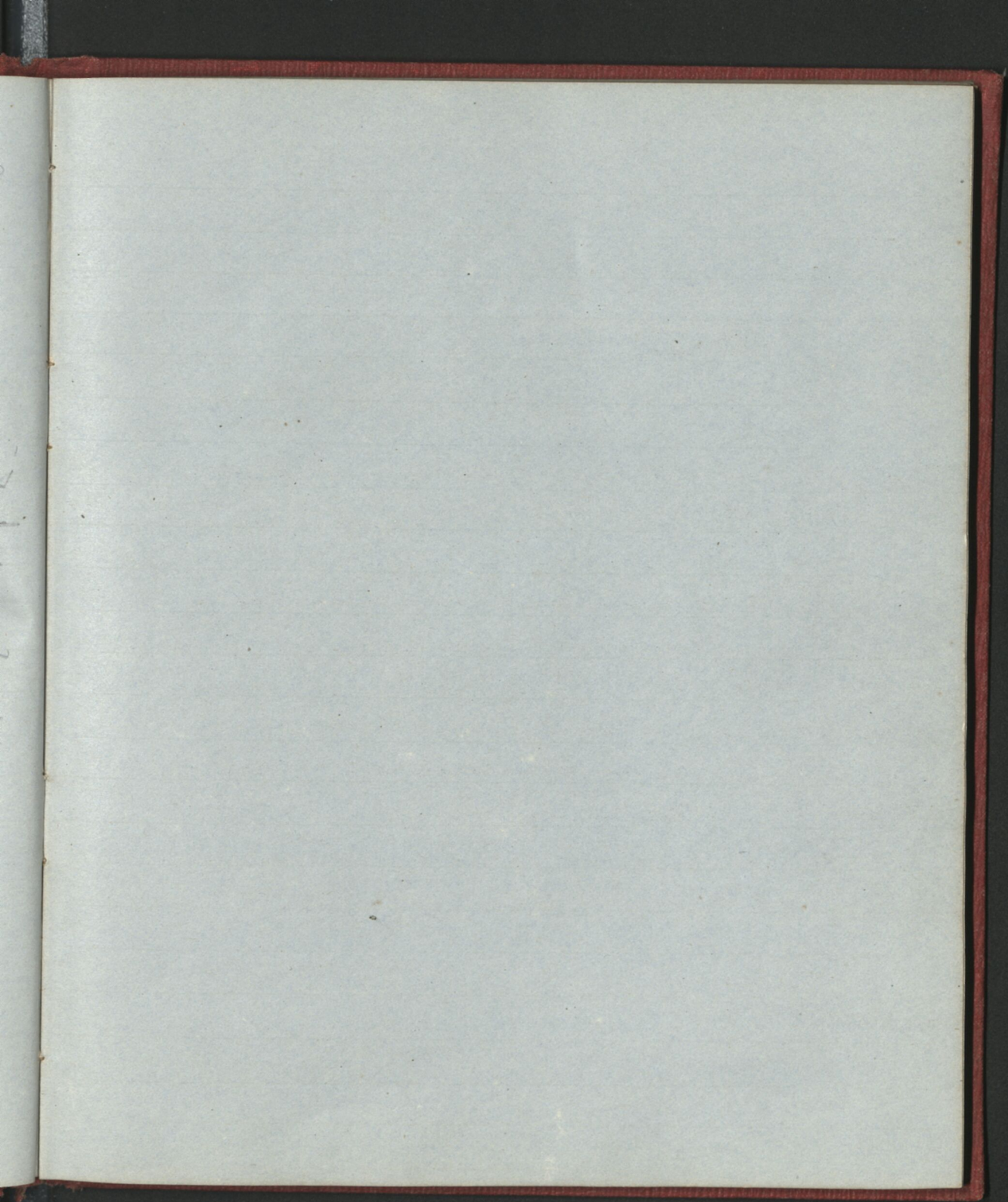
Let us learn to grow in contentment,
restrain luxury, rule appetite, soothe
anger, bear with poverty, practise
economy without shame, and keep
our reckless hopes and towering
wishes in chains, so that we may
seek our wealth not from fortune,
but from ourselves.

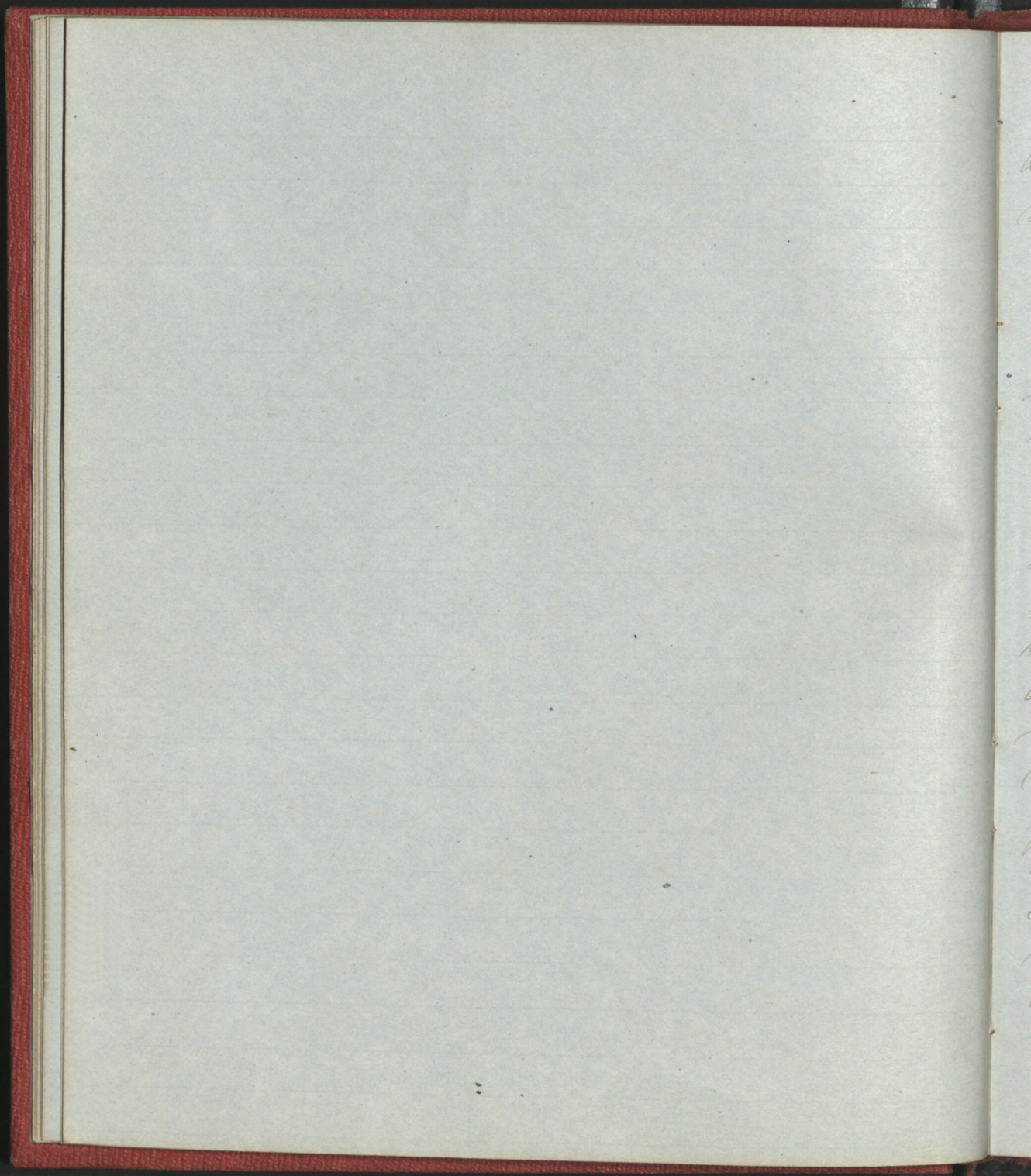
The best of our possessions it is not
for man to give or take away.
This world, greatest and noblest
work of nature, and the mind
which admires it and is its noblest
part, — these belong to us forever,
and will remain with us as long
as we remain.

Thick my wish all things are in harm
Which harmonise, O Universe, with thee!
Of naught as late or early I complain,
Which forms a link in thy well ordered chain
Good fruit for me is all thy seasons bring,
O Nature, from thy bounty all things spring,
All live in thee, all turn to thee again.

Come of the Raymond expedition
party united of the Hudson and
Catskills in Autumn

Those scared veterans, the Palisades,
looked down upon the "Half Moon" as she
pursued her voyage of discovery eleven years
before the Belgians landed. Yet on this
very month and day the famous Hendrick
or Henry, for he was, after all, an English
man sailing under Dutch colors - was as-
cending this river which the Indians called
the Phatemuck. He approached Tarrytown,
so called not, as Loring facetiously suggests,
because the villagers were wont to linger at
the tavern, but from the corruption of
the Dutch name Tarewe, or Wheat.





Among Persian poets who have also made a name as men of sciences, the palm must be awarded to Omer Khayyām, of Nishapur.

He was born about the middle of the eleventh century, and his life extended to the year 1123. He devoted himself to mathematics, wrote a treatise on algebra, and was one of the eight learned men appointed by the Sultan Malik Shah to reform the calendar.

His astronomical knowledge, always in high repute among the Persians, brought him the title of "King of the Wise"; and, in fact, he was unrivalled in sciences in his own generation. But the versatility of his genius led him to poetic composition, and he embodied in several hundred Rubaiyat, or quatrains, his philosophic creed. Treating of the problems of humanity with complete sincerity, and led by the truth of his knowledge and reflection to regard to-day as the only certainty, he sang of things as they are. Here are some passages from Fitzgerald's translation: over.

" Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
 To-day of past regret and future fears.
 Tomorrow! ah, tomorrow I may be
 Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

" ²
 Come, fill the cup! and in the fire of spring
 Your winter garments of repentance fling!
 The bird of time has but a little way
 To flutter, and the bird is on the wing!

“Whether at Nashapur or Babylon,
 Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
 The vines of life keeps oozing drop by drop,
 The leaves of life keep falling one by one.

“For some are loved; the loveliest and the best,
 That from his vintage rolling Time has pressed,
 Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

“And all the saints and sages, who discussed
 Of the two worlds so learnedly, are thrust
 Like foolish prophets forth; their words to scorn
 Are scattered, and their mouths are stopped with ^{foolish} dust.

“Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about; but evermore
 Came out by the same door wherein I went.

“With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
 And with my own hand wrought to make it grow,

"
And this was all the harvest that I reaped
'I came like water, and like wind I go'.

"And if the wine you drink, the lips you press,
End in what all begins and ends in, Yes;
Think then you are to-day what yesterday
You were; to-morrow you shall not be less.

"So when the angel of the darker drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his cup, invite your soul
Back to your lips to quaff, you shall not shrink.

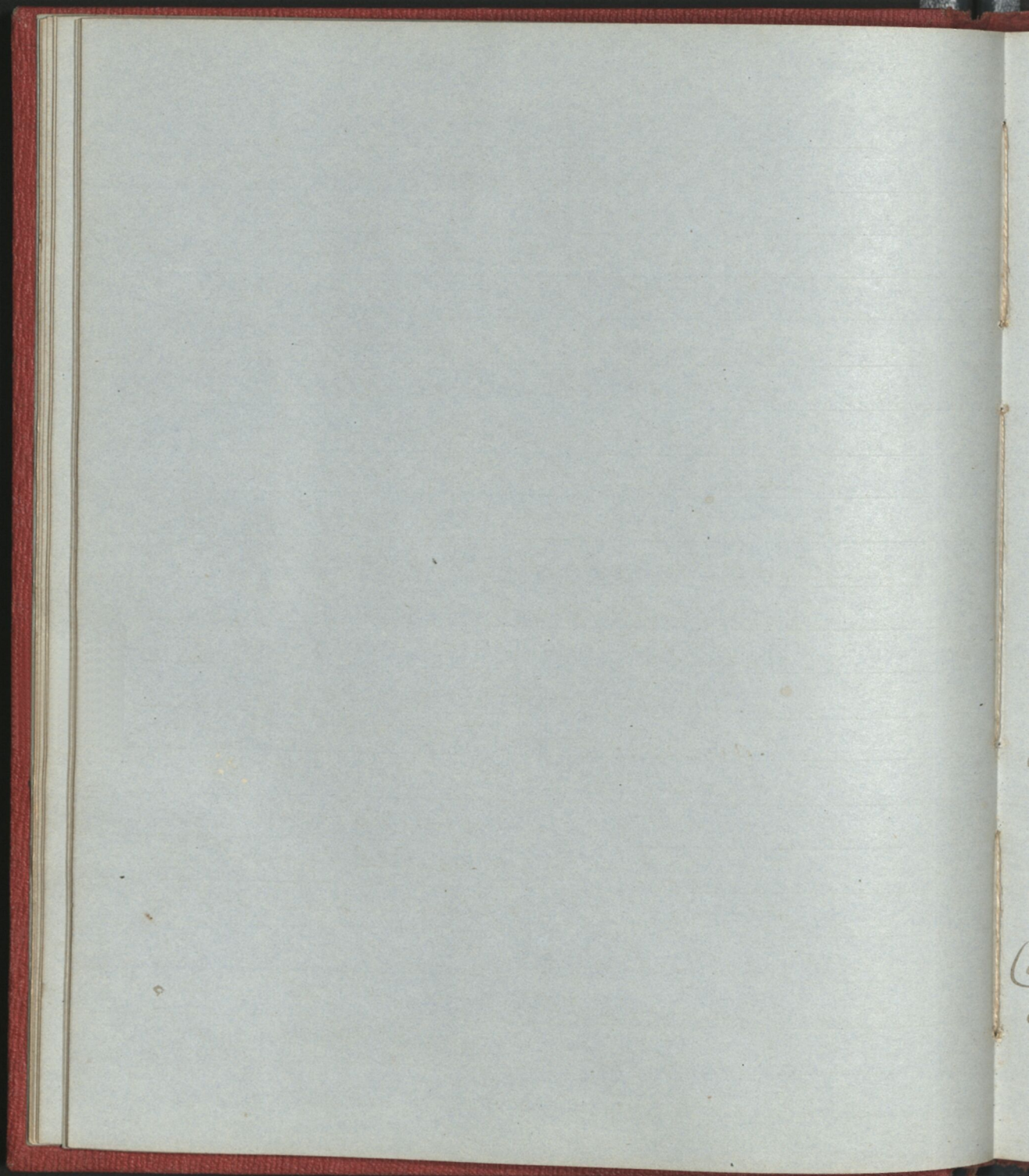
"For if the soul can fling the dust aside,
And naked on the air of heaven ride,
Wer't not a shame - wer't not a shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

"Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who
Knows?

“Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
“Before us passed the door of darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

“The revelations of devout and learned
Who rose before us, and as prophets burned,
Are all but stories which, awake from sleep
They told their fellows, and to sleep returned.

“I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, “I myself am Heaven and Hell.”



To preserve thee -

Earth's no other left such warm impressions
Of thy sweet retreat and its surroundings
I could fain call it the Best Hermitage
In memory of the self centered pleasure
Felt, while reading that pure mental gem
Sakountala or The Lost Ring -

There stands the grove of pines sacred to health
Whose music was the duty that holds
Rule over Hygieia's cooling fountain -

The feathered songsters in the trees oft seen
And safe retreat for many a nesting brood -
There chanticleer, bird of the dawn, is heard

Him we will consecrate to leafy June

The merry merry month of summer days -

Within this memorable Hermitage

Knowledge shall be our priestess at whose shrine
Though not idolatrously we'll worship -

We'll gather beautiful flowers from other ^{lands}

"A bright assemblage of loveliest things"

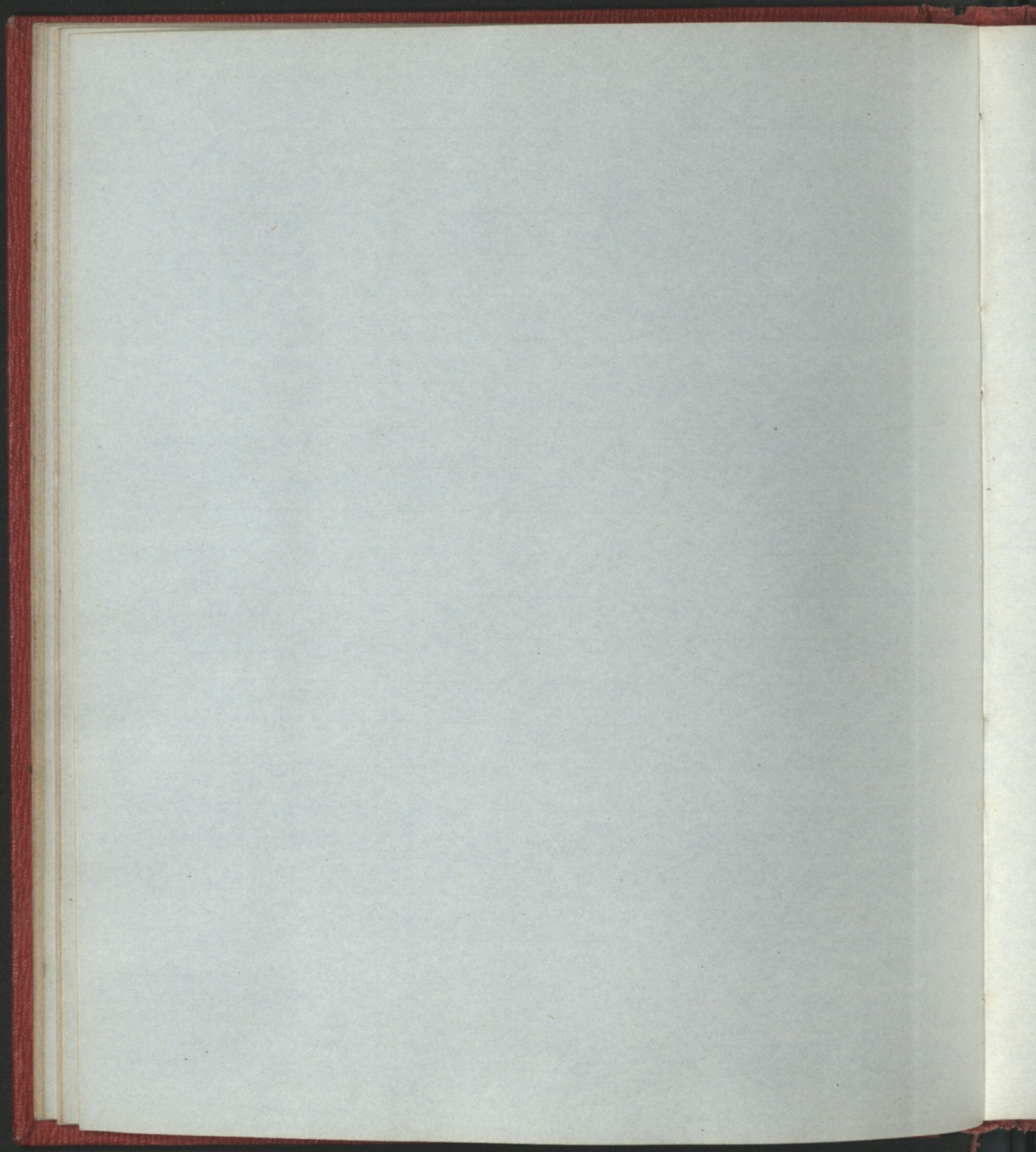
And so arrange them with their weight
of blessings

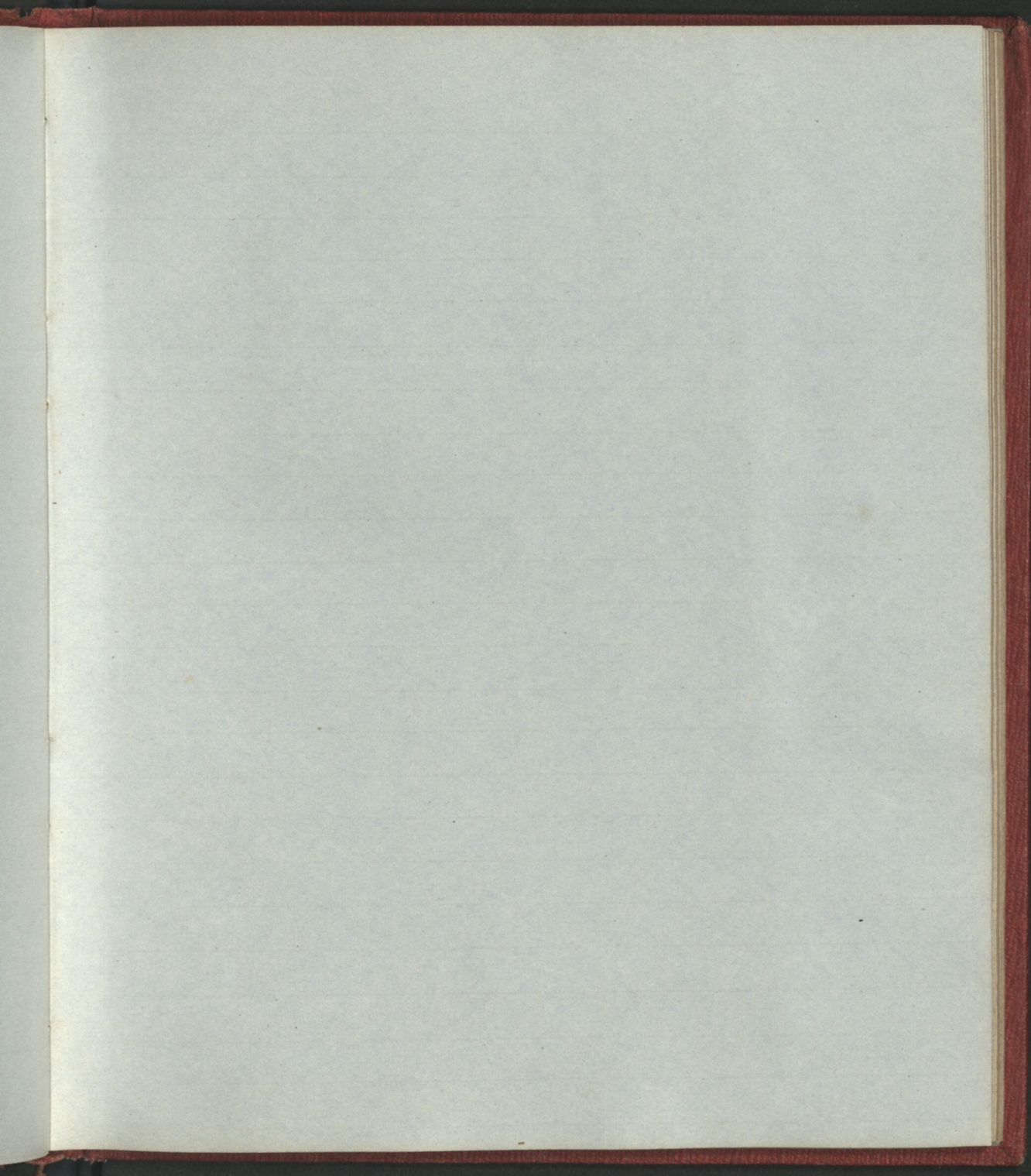
To shed a grateful fragrance o'er our own -
We'll kindle sacrificial fires -
Within our hearts, and with true penitence
Offer burnt oblations for our wasted hours.
I know our friends will join us & be to us
As ministering spirits - in Rama's Hermitage
Hye not for awhile live in the ideal
The actual unsought is constantly our own.

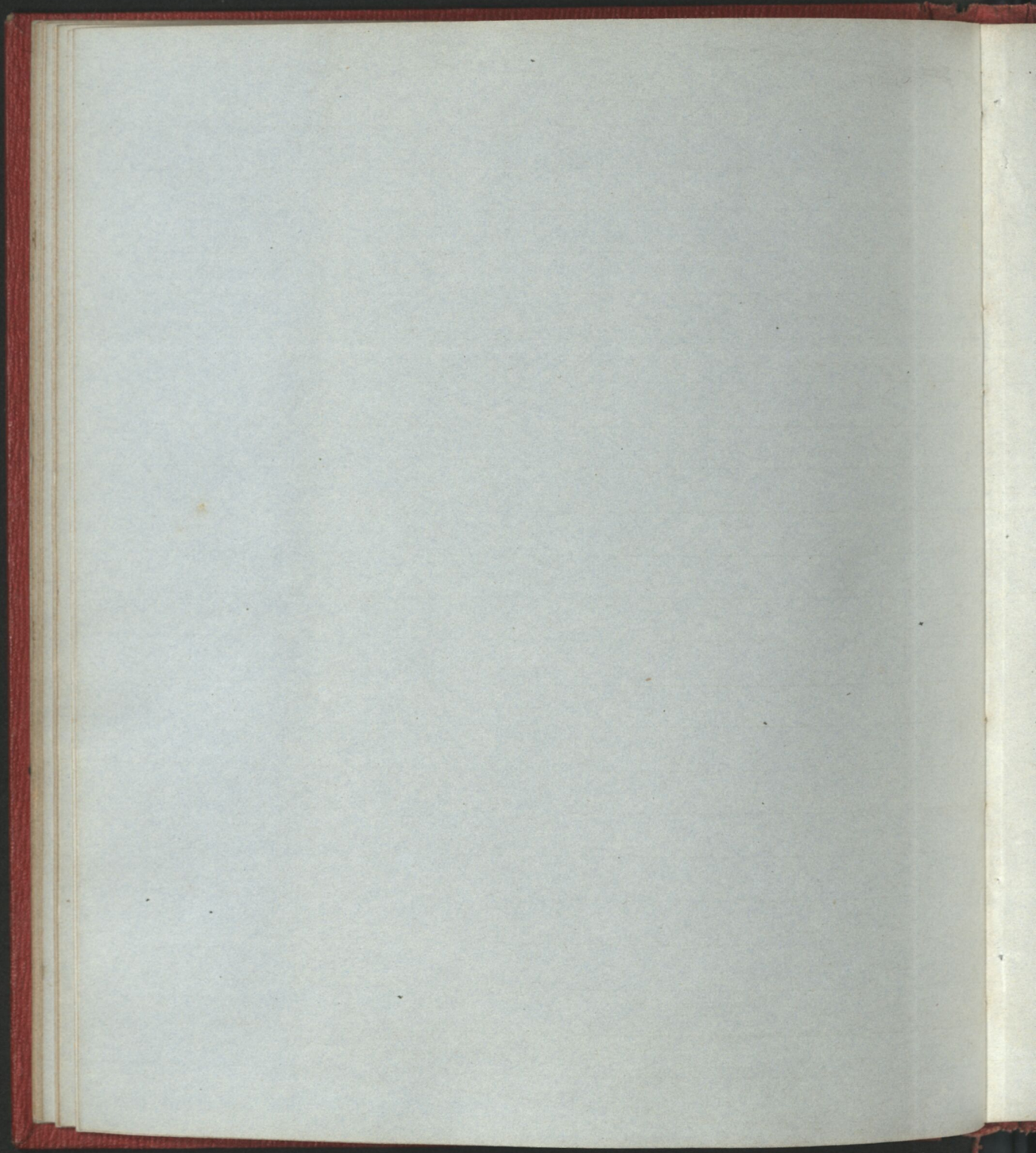
To Rama -

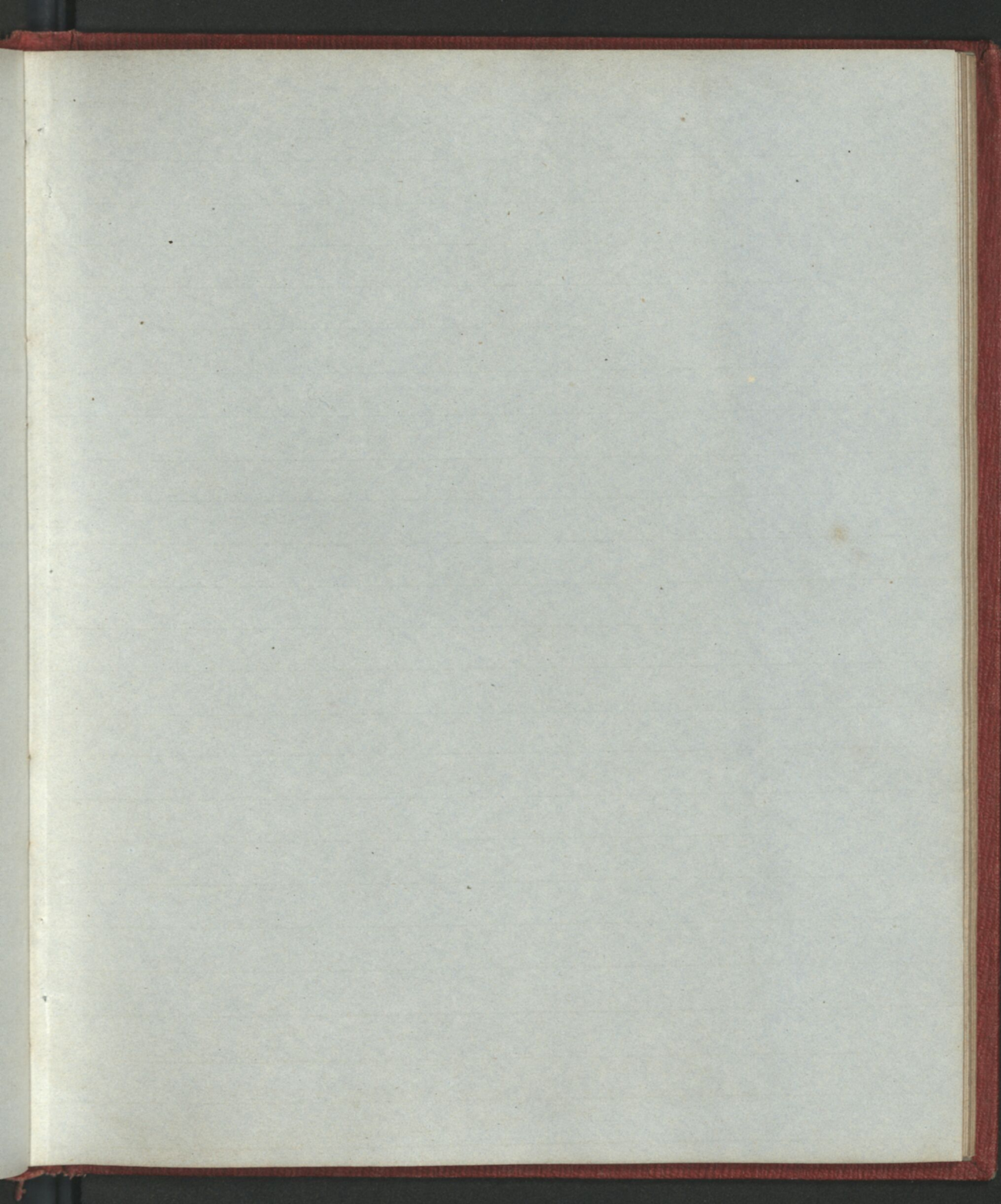
Mrs Shilleto.

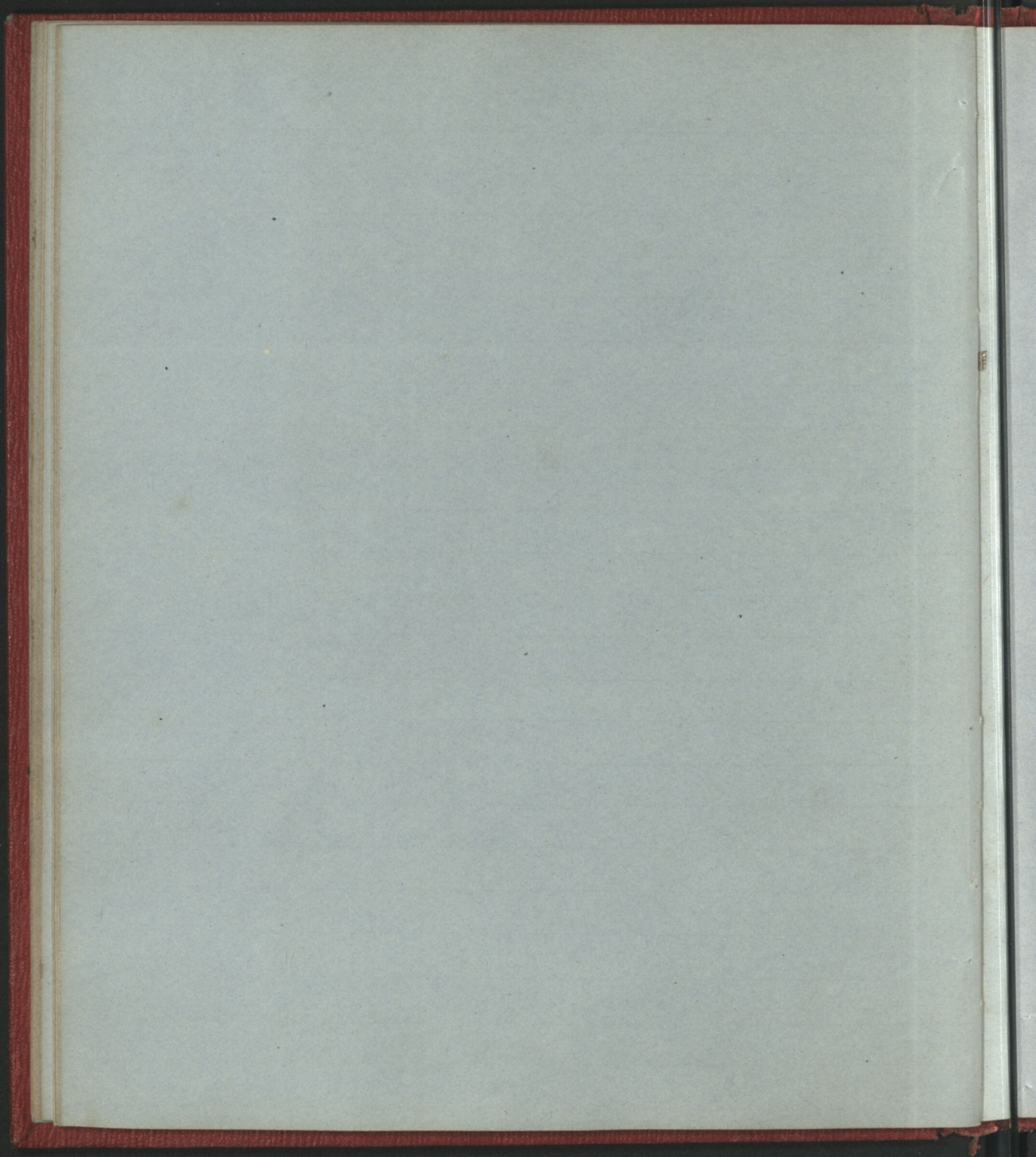
The most tenacious memories have a trick of substituting one circumstance for another in the histories confided to them, in a manner which leaves the individual wholly unconscious of the change. When a narrative has passed through two or three lips, it is generally as much modified by the process as the sounds which conveyed it. It is a rare accomplishment to hear a story as it is told; still rarer, to remember it as it is heard; and rarest of all, to tell it as it is remembered. Herbert

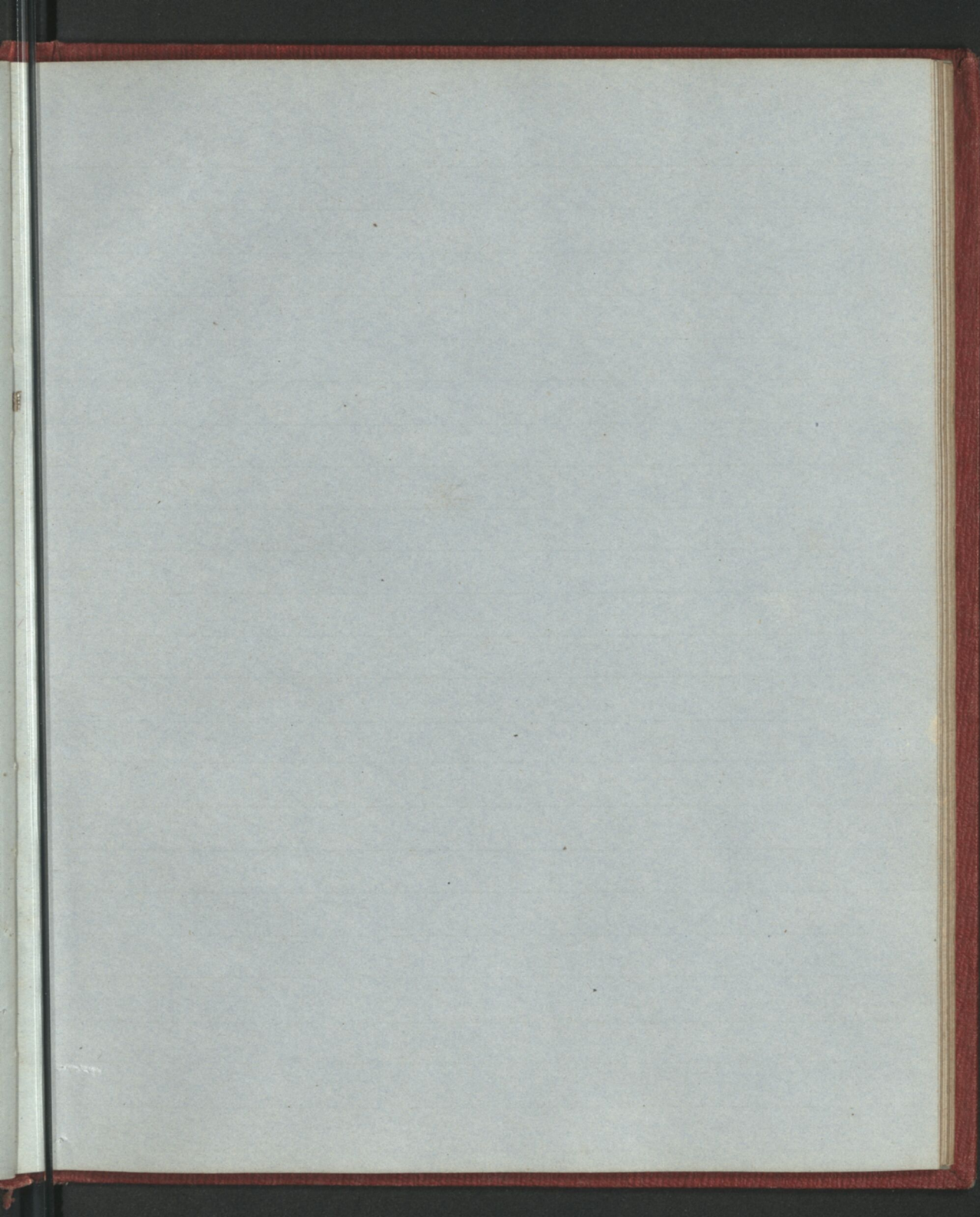












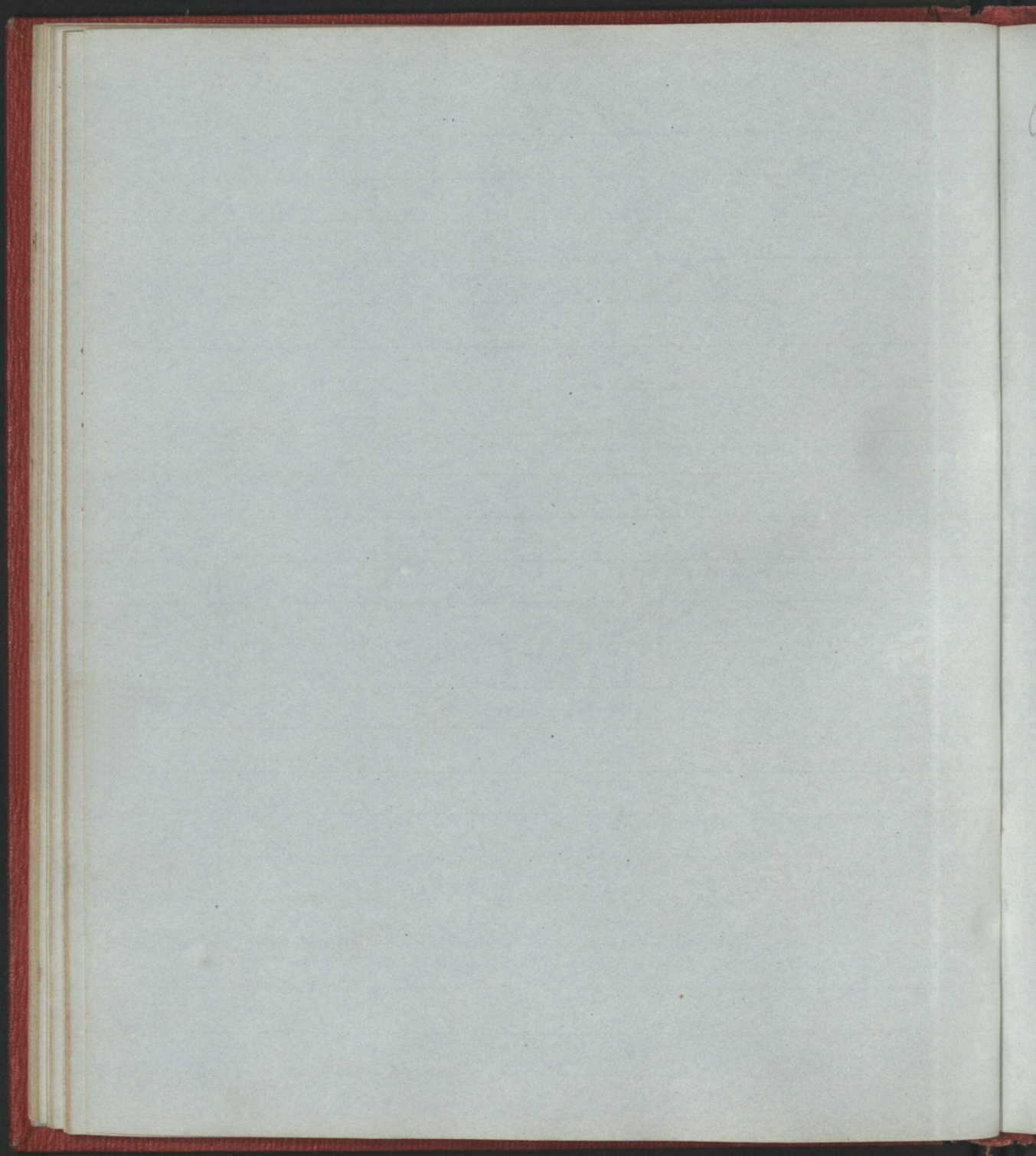
Forgotten.

"Forgotten, as a dead, man out of mind."
Nay, surely, when the royal Psalmist sang,
Some thought of Life's hard teaching cold, un-
Like nightshade 'mid his pure white lilies ^{kind} spray,
Love, like a champion armed at cry of need,
Rises beside each cherished grave to say,
"I live, I struggle, hide the wounds that bleed,
Never forget them for a single day."

"Think not dear sister time can break,
The spell around us cast,
Or absence from my bosom take,
The memory of the past."

Helen at Bridgewater Jan 1854.

"Though the present may charm with its magical numbers
And lull the craft spirit entrancing it fast,
Yet tis rarely the heart is ^{so} sound in its slumbers,
As to rest without mingling some dream of the past."
Rie.



Music and Musicians in England
By Mrs John Lillie -
Harper's Monthly for April 1880.

Harper's the gifted author of
Music and Morals.

Home

Bound,

Sweet word that spans all space, that knows no
Yet duells in narrowest compass; welcome word!
Dear type of Peace—though sheltered by the sword:
Mid Saxon-speaking races only found.

Our earliest recollections all abound
With little notes of thee; our years are stored
With memories of thee; each spot adored
By youth, in age becometh holy ground.
Thou clingest in the handgrip of the sire;
Thou meltest in the Mother's tender kiss;
The wanderer longs to reach thee—Guiding star
Of all his thoughts: like Israel's Pillared Fire
By night thou leadest him through childhood's bliss,
To that loved Home he pictures from afar.

—Lord Rosslyn.

and,
The mills of God grind slow
But they grind exceeding small.
Though with patience He stands waiting
That exactness grinds He all.
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Home

Sweet word that spans all space, that knows no
bound, word!

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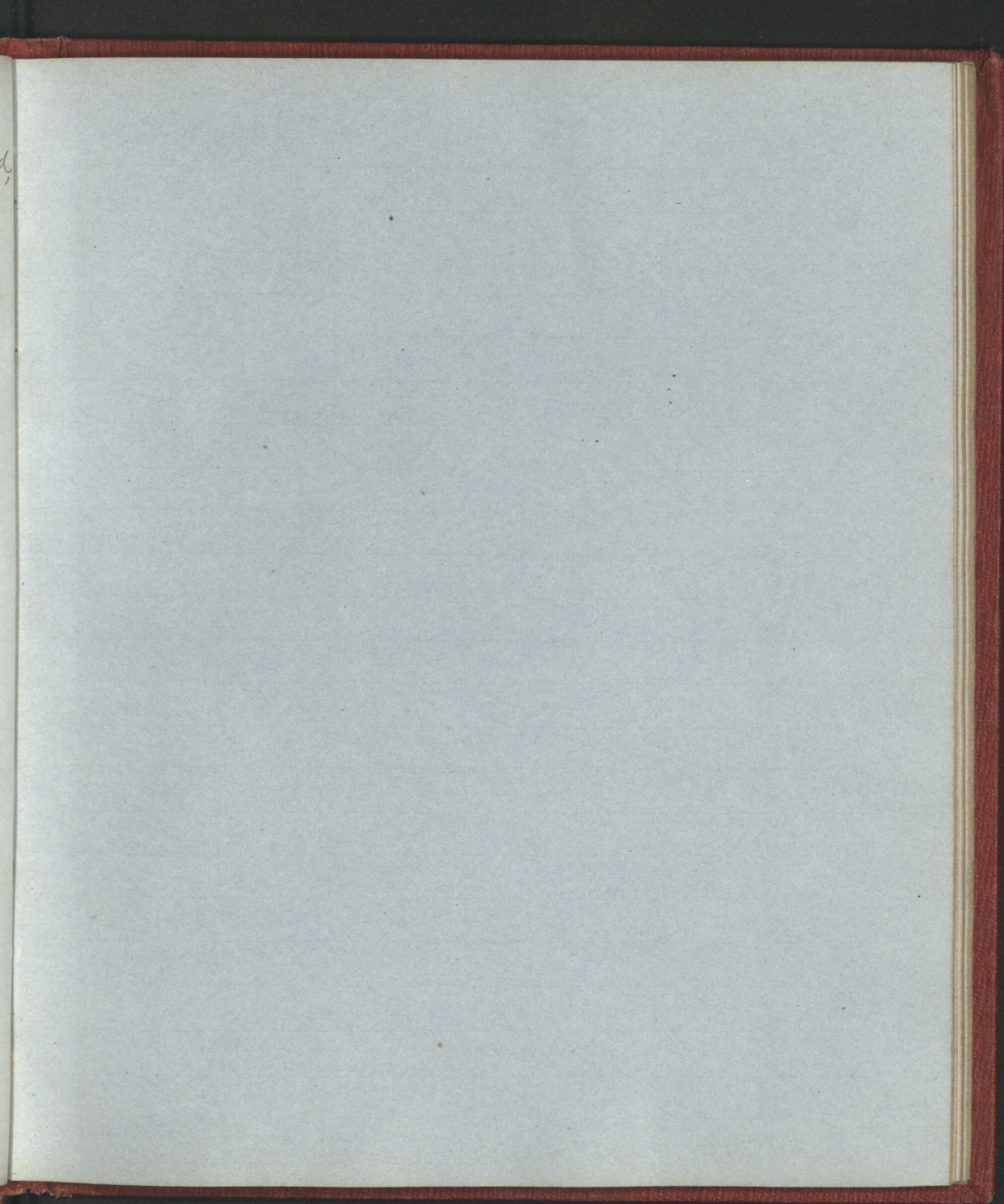
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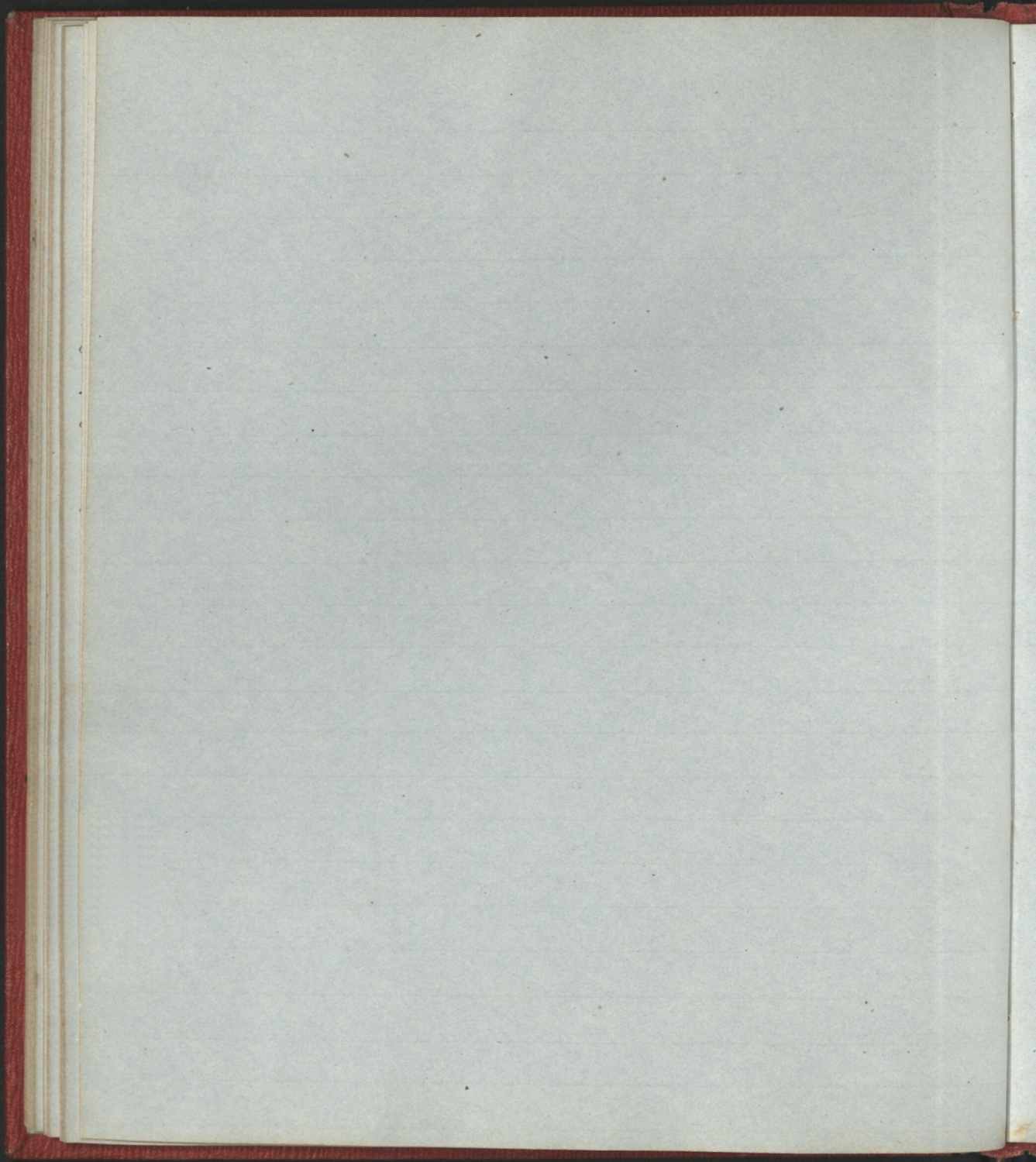
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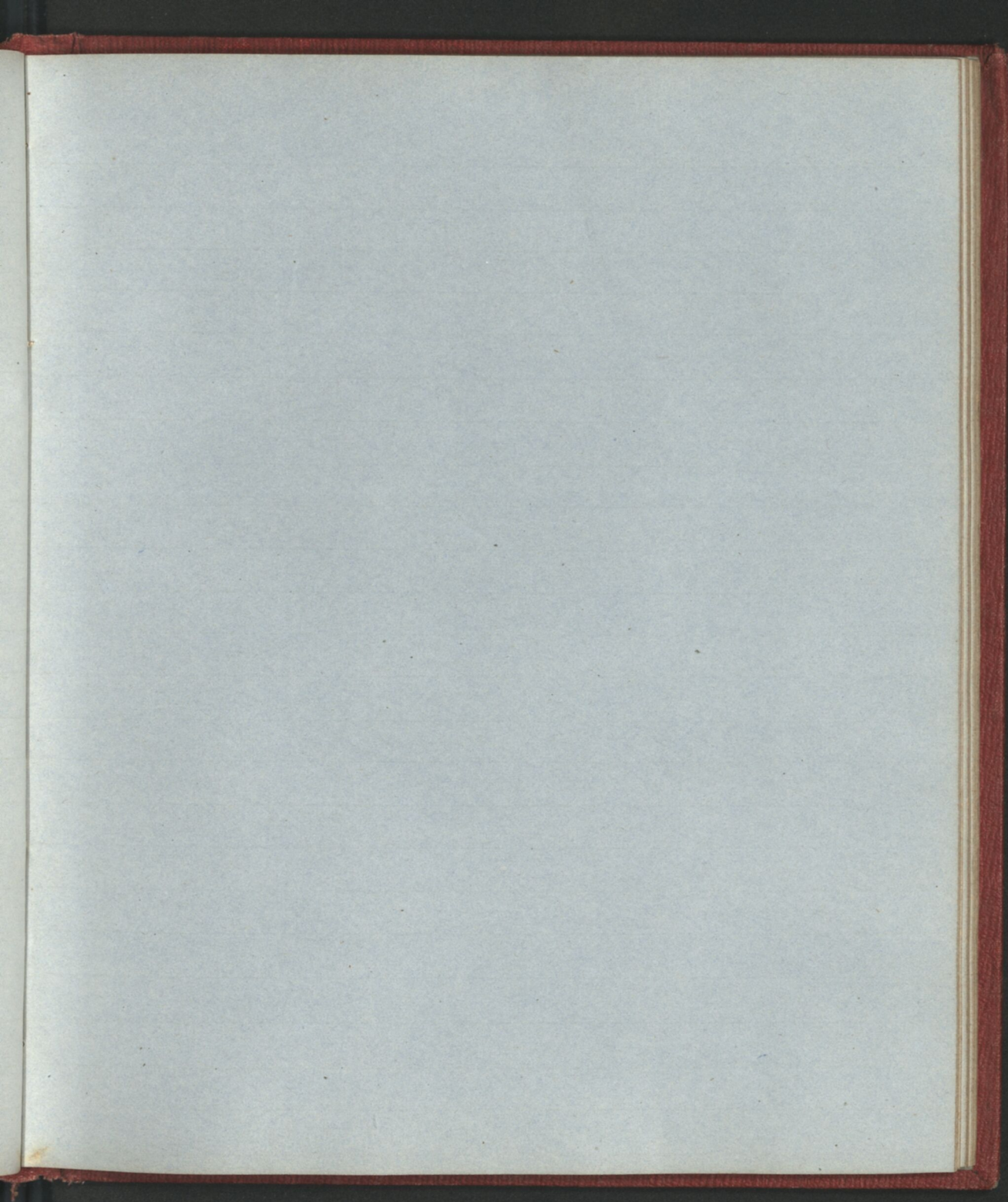
od's bliss,

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Maxims of Washington.

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.
2. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.
3. Keep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, and walk not when others stop.
4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another writes or reads; lean not on any one.
5. Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.
6. Read no letters, books, or papers in company, but when there is a necessity for doing so you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them unasked. Also, look not up when another is writing a letter.
7. Let your countenance be pleasant but in serious matters somewhat grave.
8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortunes of another, though he were your enemy.

9. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be to a door, or any straight place, to give way for him to pass.

10. They that are in dignity or office have, in all places, precedence; but while they are young they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

11. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom, in no sort, we ought not to begin.

12. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

13. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

14. In visiting or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

15. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

16. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogance.

17. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

18. Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time; also in what terms to do it; and, in reproving, show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.
19. Take all admonitions ~~kindly~~ ^{graciously}, in whatsoever given; but, afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.
20. Mock not nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.
21. Wherein you reprove another, be unblameable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precept.
22. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curses nor revilings.
23. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any one.
24. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than procure admiration. Keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and place.

25. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, and your stockings set neatly, and clothes handsomely.

26. Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

27. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature, and in all cases of passion admit reason to govern.

28. Be not inquisitive in urging your friend to discover a secret.

29. Utter not base and frivolous things among grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

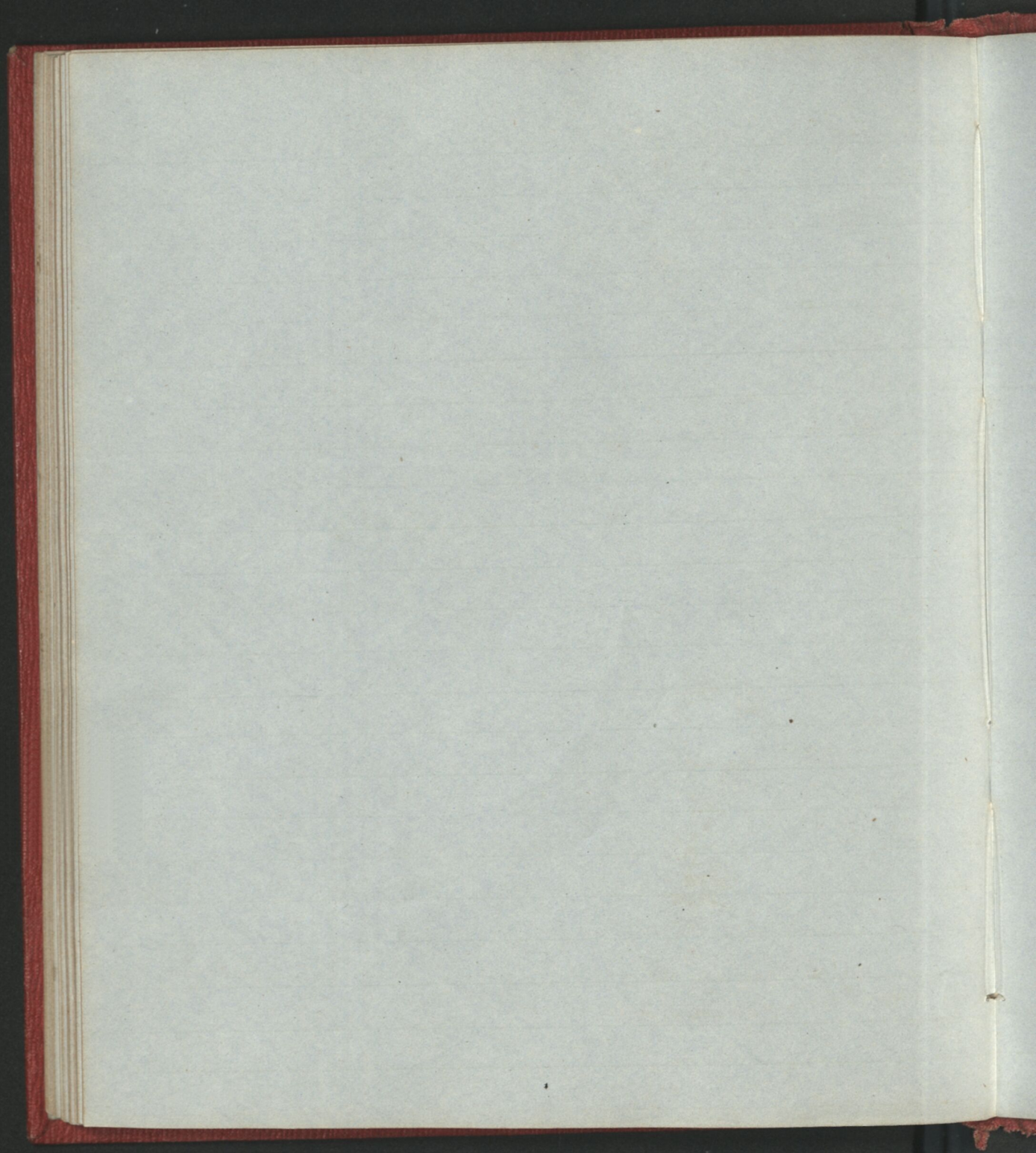
30. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth nor at table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and, if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Hide no man's misfortune, though it be your own. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.

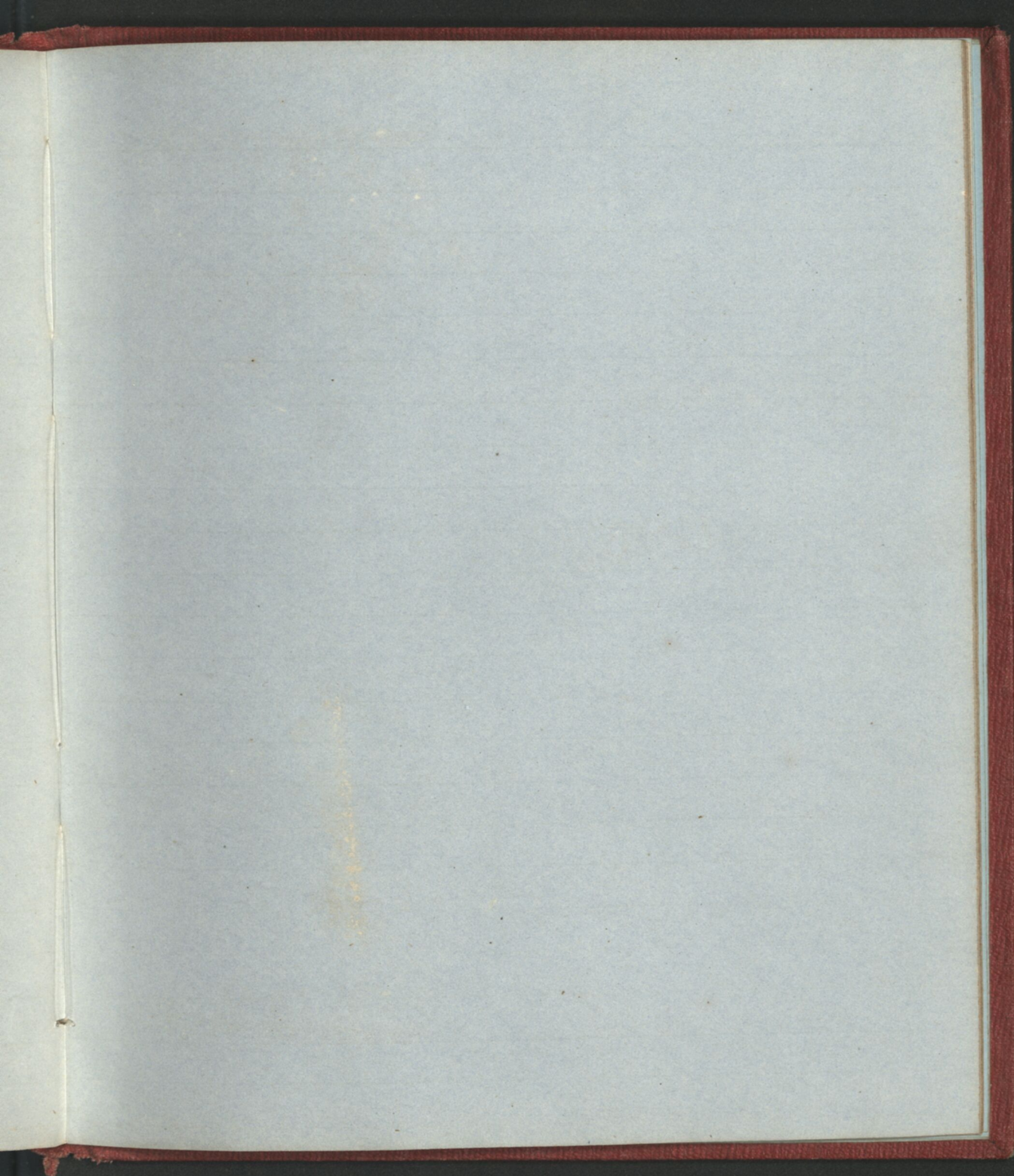
31. Break not a jest where none can take pleasure
in mirth. Laugh not aloud nor at all without
occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though
there seem to be some cause.

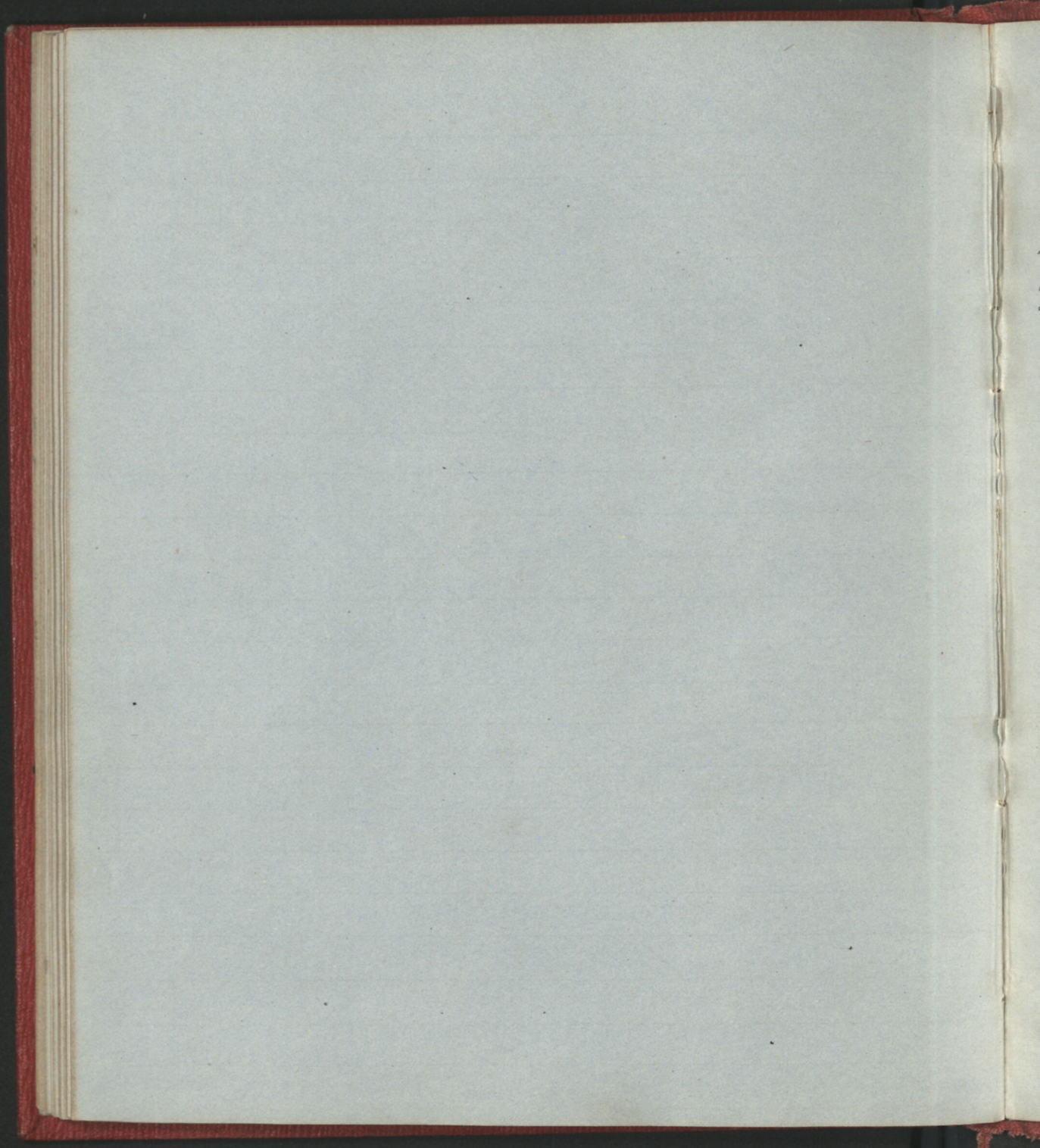
32. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest
nor in earnest. Scoff at none, although they
give occasion.

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Dec 12th. At Miss Mary P. Swain's read
Comedy of Errors.

Helen was married on the morning
of the 17th of June 1858.

Seth October 11th 1858.

Harriet Oct 1st 1859.

